

GROUND IS BROKEN.

First Step Towards Rearing the Great Monument to Gen. Grant.

Solemn and Impressive Ceremonies at Riverside Park.

Fine Display by the G. A. R.—The Part of the U. S. Army and Navy.

The sixty-ninth anniversary of the birthday of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant was fittingly commemorated to-day by the breaking of ground for the monument that will rise in Riverside Park, where the body of the hero has lain since the summer of 1885, which will perpetuate in enduring stone the fame of the great Captain.

The day had been perfect. Neither too hot nor too cold, with a clear sky, a genial sun and a delicious breeze blowing across the eminence at Riverside Park.

The Grand Army of the Republic agreed conspicuously in to-day's ceremonies, and that formidable organization of Union veterans of the war for the preservation of the Union has taken upon itself to complete the work of raising funds and rearing the monument to completion.

carefully saved for deposit in the corner-stone itself when it shall be laid.

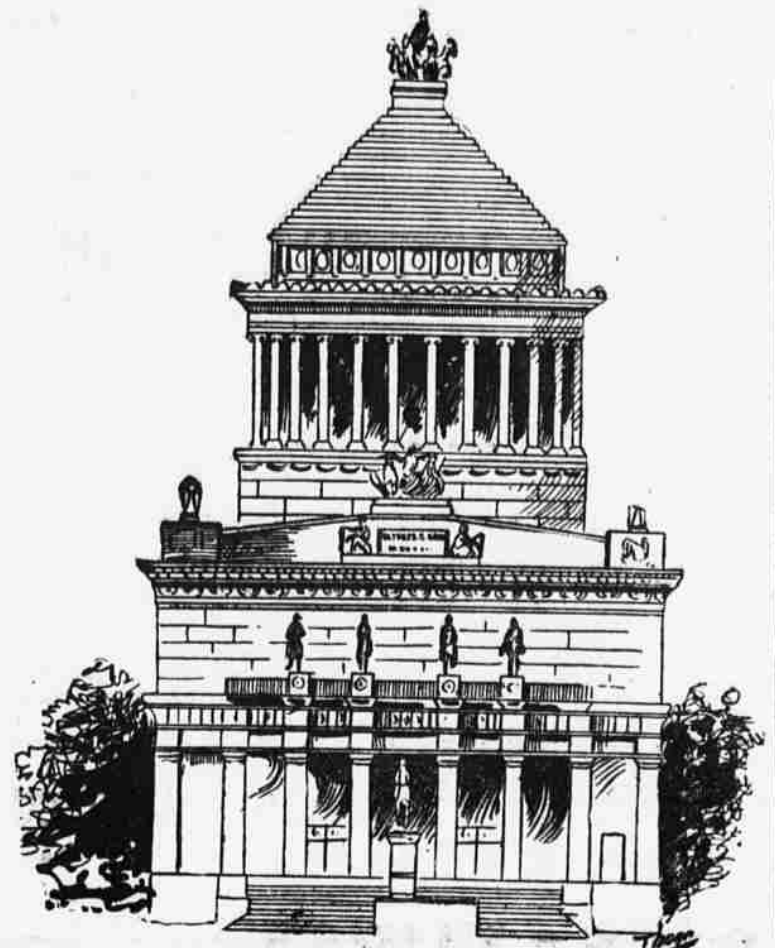
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MRS. JULIA DENT GRANT.

But the commemoration of the day is not done. There will be exercises of various sorts this evening.

There will be the annual dinner of the Grant Birthday Association at Belmont's at 7 o'clock, Joseph H. Choate presiding, and 125



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most sitting at the tables in the grand banquet hall.

Among them will be ex-Senator William H. Evans, who will toast the hero of the day; Gen. Howard, Admiral Britan, Senator Haddock and several officers of both the Union and the Confederate armies, and members of the Loyalty League.

The Hamilton Republican Club will give a dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, and among the guests and speakers will be ex-Gov. Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio; Gen. C. R. Hanes, of Ohio; ex-Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, and perhaps, Secretary Dill.

The U. S. Grant Club of the Eighteenth Assembly District will give the annual reception at the club rooms, 215 East Thirty-fourth street, at 8 o'clock this evening.

Grant's birthday will be celebrated by several organizations in Brooklyn. The most elaborate will be that of U. S. Grant Post, Grand Army of the Republic, at the Union League Club, Brooklyn.

Here, too, was a battalion of younger men in the blue uniforms of the regular army—soldiers of to-day—sent with a battery of artillery by Gen. G. O. Howard from Governor's Island and the harbor force on the steamer Custer A. Arthur to represent the standing army of the United States.

On a temporary platform facing the scene were gathered 800 invited guests under the supervision of Gen. Robert L. Vane. Assembled at the Clarendon Hotel were Com. Charles H. Freeman, Department Commander of the G. A. R. for the State of New York, and those who were assigned to take active part in the ceremonies, the speakers and the more notable of the invited guests. They were the guests of Alexander Hamilton Post.

In a carriage, loaded with tear-dimmed eyes, sat one to whom the ceremonial had a deeper personal meaning than to any other on the eminence. It was she who brought the love-light to the countenance of the young Lieutenant who afterwards became the General of our victorious armies, twice President of the United States and New York's most distinguished citizen.

To her, however, he was the lover of her youth, the husband who made life blessed to her, the father of her children, whose memory was to-day honored by the people of New York and of the nation in the initial step towards his memorial shaft.

She was Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the General's widow.

Commander Freeman held in his hand a silver spade.

As the echoes of the last guns from the Yankee ships reverberated from the Jersey hills and the Harlem Heights, a military band struck up a patriotic overture.

This was followed by Rev. Dr. Clark Wright, and at thirty-second street and second avenue a fervent invocation, the hoary veterans standing with bowed heads uncovered.

A mighty chorus, under the direction of Miss A. Pratt, singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and this was followed by an oration by that prince of orators, Gen. Horace Porter, who stood personally nearer to Grant, perhaps, than any other living man.

After Gen. Porter's oration, "America" was sung by the chorus, and then Commander Freeman, with the shining aquid in his hand, stepped forward from out the group of veterans comprising Vice-Commanders E. J. Devery and E. A. Wray, Musical Director S. G. Cooke, Chaplain Wright, Assistant Adjutant General W. W. Bennett, Assistant Quartermaster General A. H. Penfield, Judge Advocate General T. H. O'Neil, Chief Muster Officer H. K. Webb, Inspector H. U. Quake and Aide de Camp John Kohler.

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The exercises began at 9 o'clock, with the firing of salutes from the guns of the United States warship Yantic, Commander Rockwell having anchored her in the North River opposite the Grant mausoleum.

The scene at Riverside Park was one not soon to be effaced from the memories of the beholders. The veterans formed in a hollow square about the temporary tomb of the great General, standing in silent reverence.

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ANNA DICKINSON IS CALM.

She Denies that She Was Frenzied After Her Sunday Lecture.

Her Intention of Printing Her Correspondence Is Unchanged.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called upon Mrs. Anna E. Dickinson, at the Riverside House, this morning.

He found that brilliant spinster propped up on a big pillow in bed, and for fifteen minutes listened to as many epigrams as her always rapid tongue could give speech to.

"Speaking of the rumor current this morning that she had had a violently insane attack after the excitement of her lecture at the Broadway Theatre last evening, Miss Dickinson smiled, in the indulgent way of one who feels that she cannot permit little things like that to trouble her severely, and, turning her great gray eyes upon her caller, said:

"You see me; am I a raving maniac? I am not well. I am fatigued. You would be. A strong man would be, had he been dragged, bruised and bleeding as I was, to that hotel in Danville.

"It takes a pretty good mind to go through and clip all of the reports and comments on my lecture from the morning papers and retain its composure.

"What I said about Benjamin Harrison, James Clarkson, Matthew Stanley Quay, W. W. Dudley and others I said as a thoroughly sane woman.

"Now, about my personal effects that were carried away after they succeeded in getting me incarcerated in an insane asylum.

"A carman, Kagitston, who lived six miles out of Pittsford, had them at his home. My maid, Mrs. Acety, went there and packed up twelve trunks full, and sent them to Coshen. There is a whole cartload left. I shall examine two trunks full of papers and publish every word of the correspondence relating to my business affairs with these men in the Harrison campaign.

"No, I do not think I was insane after the lecture. I held a reception on the stage. We had a jolly time. There were Stephen Macsett, E. P. Bullard, the husband of Laura Curtis Bullard, Mrs. Savin, Melville D. Landon (El Perkins) and a number of other old friends. I am not permitted—that is, I am not well enough to receive callers here. I am nervous, as you see, from a bad cold."

In the course of her lecture at the Broadway Theatre Miss Dickinson declared that the papers in her possession, if published, meant ruin to the powers that be in the Republican party.

She said that Mr. Fessenden, early in '88, told her that she was the only speaker whom Gen. Harrison had suggested, and she arranged to tour the Middle States in his behalf for \$5,000, if he were elected, and an agreement to that effect had been made; but that she had never got on.

Referring to her hasty incarceration in a madhouse and the removal of her papers and other effects from her Pittsford home to Treknick Gillespie's house in the country Miss Dickinson said:

"I said that such letters and despatches as were sent to me by Clarkson, Quay and Dudley and read by William H. Allison and President Harrison, was that a week before that miserable Feb. 25, should be put into print.

"Every State asylum is a creature of politics, and Schuch, at the head of the Danville institution, and his assistants were creatures of party. They did not send Anna Dickinson, paper, to that place; but a woman full of information, of facts and power to injure them."

ALSO, A LARGE VARIETY OF

SUN AND RAIN UMBRELLAS.

18th Street, 19th Street, and Sixth Avenue.

(18th Street Station Elevated Road.)

BEAT HIS SON TO DEATH.

John Harris, a Harlem Colored Janitor, Locked Up for Murder.

A surly-looking negro with grizzled gray hair was taken into the Harlem Court this morning, by detectives Price and Mott of the East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station. He was John Harris, the janitor of the fashionable Astor flat at 28 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, who is charged with having beaten his son John, a boy of twenty years of age, on the head with a board yesterday afternoon and from the effects of which the boy died at 10 last night.

The affair took place in the cellar of the Astor flat, but the police were not notified until 9:30 last night, when Dr. Joseph P. Tanner, of 353 East One Hundred and Sixty-second street called at the station house and stated that a man had just died at 412 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, under circumstances that pointed to foul play.

Detectives Price and Mott went out on the case, and found young Harris lying dead in the front room of the apartments of Elbert Floyd, a negro, Harris's father and mother were sitting beside the bed, as was Anna Emma Morris, a colored woman, who was a friend of Harris's mother.

Harris said that his son was a bad character. He had been suffering of late from bronchitis. He also had heart disease and was a hard drinker.

The father continued to beat upon his dead son. He said that he had fallen down, when he was accused of a swelling on the back of the head.

Anna Emma Harris said that young Harris came to her house about 7:30 o'clock last night, and calling her aside, told her he had been hurt. She took him into the front room, and he lay down on a bed. Soon he was taken with a violent fit of nausea, which lasted some time.

The old woman, though not a relative, did all she could for him. He complained of severe pains in the back of the head. He gave her \$5 to get something from the drug store to relieve his suffering. She sent for Dr. Tanner, and the injured man's father and mother.

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Smith, according to his story, was an eye-witness, and told the following:

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Harris was arraigned this morning before Justice Divver. He has retained ex-Assistant District Attorney Johnson as counsel. He was held to await the action of the Grand Jury.

LOOKS LIKE FIREBUG'S WORK.

The Blaze in Regenhart & Timmer's Store Very Suspicious.

There was no doubt in the minds of the Fire Marshal and the police this morning that the fire at Regenhart & Timmer's store, 53 Linsen street, yesterday was of incendiary origin.

The firm occupy the first floor of the four-story building at that number. They are, according to the sign over the door, importers and jobbers in fine woollens and tailors' trimmings.

Back of Regenhart & Timmer's, separated by a partition and facing Canal street, is a barber's shop. About noon yesterday the barbers smelled smoke in the place. Next they saw little clouds of smoke coming through the cracks of the partition.

They gave the alarm, and when the firemen arrived and burst in the door of Regenhart & Timmer's store they found three separate little fires under the shelving, which they were convinced had been set. They also claimed that there was a strong smell of benzine. Fire Marshal Smith, who has a very keen scent, remarked the smell of benzine as soon as he entered the place ten minutes later.

The fire was discovered underneath some piece of cloth which had been unrolled, the end hanging conveniently near the flames. The timely discovery of the fire prevented what might have been a disastrous conflagration. As it was no damage was done.

Mr. Regenhart lives at 82 Cornelia street, Brooklyn. He could not account for the fire on any theory. He said his partner was the last one to leave the store Saturday night.

Mr. Timmer lives at 418 Second street, Jersey City. He appeared to be as much surprised as Mr. Regenhart when he learned of the fire on his arrival at the store this morning.

He said that he looked up at 5 o'clock Saturday evening. Everything was all right then. Both Mr. Regenhart and Mr. Timmer said they had not been to the store since Saturday.

There might be no clerks, and say no one else could have been there without their knowledge.

The Fire Marshal estimates the value of their stock of goods at \$1,000. They are insured for \$2,500 each in the Western and Union Insurance Companies.

The store was formerly in the produce business at 85 Deerp street. The firm has been in existence about a year.

While the store was being swept out this morning a powder fuse among the debris ignited. Detective Dunn, who was present, placed his foot on it and secured it for the Fire Marshal.

The store is in charge of the police. No goods are allowed to be sold or disturbed.

FIGHTING FIRE IN THE PINES.

Disastrous Conflagration Raging About Egg Harbor City.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., April 27.—Since an early hour yesterday morning a disastrous fire has been raging in the place just on the outskirts of Egg Harbor City.

It is supposed that it was started by sparks from the early morning express engine on the Camden and Atlantic railroad. The fire started up on both sides of the railroad track, and with the wind rapidly increased, at one time yesterday afternoon threatened to destroy the city.

Luckily the wind changed from the southwest to east and drove the flames in another direction, but right in the midst of some of the most valuable timber in that section.

Every property owner had large forces of men battling with the flames to save their property, while the railroad had large gangs of section-men and laborers fighting the fierce flames from the railroad tracks.

At ten o'clock this morning the men had the fire under control, and have it pretty well confined near the originating point.

EXPLOSION IN A BREWERY.

Spontaneous Combustion of Grain Dust Causes a Scare.

The explosion of grain dust at 10 o'clock this morning, in the malt room on the fifth floor of the Everard brewery, 12 East One Hundred and Thirty-third street, caused a great deal of alarm in the neighborhood.

The excitement lasted until the firemen got through their work when it was learned that nobody had been injured and only \$300 damage done.

The brewery is owned by James Everard, who owns the Turkish bath in West Twenty-eighth street and also a warehouse at 75 West Eleventh street, 335 East Forty-third street and 227 East Twelfth street.

HEINTZ TAKES POSSESSION.

The Annexed District Street Commissioner in His New Quarters.

Street Commissioner Heintz, of the Annexed District, took possession this morning of his quarters in the new district building at One Hundred and Forty-third street and Third avenue.

The building is a three-story brick structure, with accommodations for all the offices of the Department of Street Improvements. Commissioner Heintz's offices are on the second floor, immediately behind the cherry and with the other bells connecting it with the other departments.

The building is being built for the purpose of storing the records, maps, contracts and other documents relating to the Department, and which are now kept in the vault at the arsenal.

B. C. BOSTWICK'S SUDDEN DEATH.

An Old Real Estate Dealer of Tremont a Victim of Heart Disease.

The death is announced to-day of Barnabas C. Bostwick, a wealthy real estate dealer at 754 Tremont avenue.

He was inspecting some property yesterday afternoon in the Twenty-fourth Ward, when he suddenly dropped to the sidewalk and died in a few moments.

Heart disease was ascribed as the cause of death. Mr. Bostwick was 55 years old. He was very widely known to the Annexed District, and it was later said that Bostwick avenue was named.

B. Altman & Co.

Tuesday and Wednesday will offer

Attractive Reductions in

Parasols.

Assorted Fancy Silk and Colored Surah Coachings,

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There might be no clerks, and say no one else could have been there without their knowledge.

The Fire Marshal estimates the value of their stock of goods at \$1,000. They are insured for \$2,500 each in the Western and Union Insurance Companies.

The store was formerly in the produce business at 85 Deerp street. The firm has been in existence about a year.

While the store was being swept out this morning a powder fuse among the debris ignited. Detective Dunn, who was present, placed his foot on it and secured it for the Fire Marshal.

The store is in charge of the police. No goods are allowed to be sold or disturbed.

There was no doubt in the minds of the Fire Marshal and the police this morning that the fire at Regenhart & Timmer's store, 53 Linsen street, yesterday was of incendiary origin.

The firm occupy the first floor of the four-story building at that number. They are, according to the sign over the door, importers and jobbers in fine woollens and tailors' trimmings.

Back of Regenhart & Timmer's, separated by a partition and facing Canal street, is a barber's shop. About noon yesterday the barbers smelled smoke in the place. Next they saw little clouds of smoke coming through the cracks of the partition.

They gave the alarm, and when the firemen arrived and burst in the door of Regenhart & Timmer's store they found three separate little fires under the shelving, which they were convinced had been set. They also claimed that there was a strong smell of benzine. Fire Marshal Smith, who has a very keen scent, remarked the smell of benzine as soon as he entered the place ten minutes later.

The fire was discovered underneath some piece of cloth which had been unrolled, the end hanging conveniently near the flames. The timely discovery of the fire prevented what might have been a disastrous conflagration. As it was no damage was done.

Mr. Regenhart lives at 82 Cornelia street, Brooklyn. He could not account for the fire on any theory. He said his partner was the last one to leave the store Saturday night.

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